

Some New Verse by American Poets

Poems by Vachel Lindsay, Francis Carlin, David Morton and Thomas Walsh

Returned

By David Morton.

Were any hills in Flanders
As quiet as this hill?
"Nay, never hill in Flanders
As green as this and still."

Nor any skies in Flanders
As tender as these skies?
"The skies that look on Flanders
Are all grown old and wise."

How fell the rain in Flanders—
As silver as this rain?
"But not enough in Flanders
To wash away the stain."

Was there no peace in Flanders,
Did quiet never come?
"Ay, there is peace in Flanders,
And quiet, now—for some."

The Market Town

By Francis Carlin.

When I was ill in the long ago
That lately seems so nigh,
They placed a mirror before me so
I could see the passersby;
Market women and trading men,
Children and ballad singers,
Farmers coming to town and then
The noisy auction ringers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!
At twelve o' the clock in Ballinacree—
Twenty acres of turbarry land
To be sold at the fall of the hand."

Again I'm buried deep in bed,
But in this looking glass
I see the folk who passed instead
Of those who now may pass;
Market women and trading men,
Children and auction ringers,
Farmers coming to town and then
The welcome ballad singers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!
The Blushing Rose of Ballinacree—
Twenty verses of a ballad made
For the best of the Dublin trade."

Maybe a moon in another sky
Shall be as a mirror so
It might reflect the world which I
Would still desire to know;
Market women and trading men,
Children and ballad singers,
Farmers coming to town and then
The rambling notice ringers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!
At twelve o' the clock in Ballinacree—
A ploughing match with a guinea's prize
For the skill of your hands and eyes."

In Memory of Joyce Kilmer

By Vachel Lindsay.

I hear a thousand chimes,
I hear ten thousand chimes,
I hear a million chimes
In Heaven.
I see a thousand bells,
I see ten thousand bells,
I see a million bells
In Heaven.

Listen, friends and companions,
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

I hear the chimes
Of to-morrow ring,
The azure bells
Of eternal love—
Eternal love . . .
I see the chimes
Of to-morrow swing
On unseen ropes
They gleam above . . .

Rejoice, friends and companions,
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

They shake the sky,
They blaze and sing
They fill the air
Like larks a-wing,
Like storm clouds
Turned to bluebell flowers,
Like moons gone mad,
Like stars in showers.

Join the song, friends and companions,
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

And some are near
And touch my hand,
Small whispering blooms
From Beulah Land . . .
Giants afar
Still touch the sky,
Still give their giant
Battle cry.

Join hands, friends and companions,
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

And every bell
Is voice and breath
Of a spirit
Who has conquered death,
In this great war
Has given all,
Like Kilmer
Heard the hero-call.

Join hands,
Poets . . . friends . . . companions . . .
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

The Two Riddles

"The Moon and Stars" and "Raking the Fire."

By Francis Carlin.

Here is a riddle, children,
I heard in Lurgbeg;
And the guessers, to-morrow morning,
Shall have the white hen's egg.

Coming home for the supper,
I saw a table spread
With a cloth that was full of crumbings
And a broken bannock of bread.

And here is another riddle
I heard in Killybegs;
And the guesser, to-morrow morning,
May choose from all of the eggs.

Squatting upon my hunkers
Before I went to bed,
'Tis I who saw the Liding
Being buried by the Dead.

So here are the riddles, children,
I heard beyond the Strule;
And the guesser, to-morrow morning,
May carry an egg to school.

River Folk

Translations by Thomas Walsh from the Spanish of
Luis C. Lopez (1880—) of Cartagena, Colombia.

I. The Village Barber.

The village barber in his old straw hat,
And dancing pumps and waistcoat of piqué,
Plays sharp at cards, and on his kneebones squat
Hears mass and rails at old Voltaire all day.
An "old subscriber" to *El Liberal*,
He works and sparkles like a merry glass
Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall
Timing his gossip of what comes to pass.

With Mayor and veterinary, pious folk
Who say the rosary, he speaks no joke
Of miracles by Peter Claver wrought;
A tavern champion and a cockpit sage,
Amid the scissors' clip his wars he'll wage,
Sparkling like muscatel the light has caught.

II. The Village Mayor.

The village Mayor, in soiled panama,
With a tricolor ribbon at its crown,
Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose écart,
Glitters with bulldog face across the town.
A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the tow,
His dagger's point his only signature,
When at the night the garlic soup will flow
He makes his girdle strap the less secure.

His wife, a nervous, pretty little thing,
Holds him as in an iron fastening,
Cheering herself the while with Paul de Kock;
Decked in glass beads, her eyebrows painted clear,
The while her spouse through the back town will steer
With stomach jewels and a face of rock.

Copyright, 1919. All rights reserved.

"Score by Innings"

A MUSICAL impresario once said to this reporter in discussing the reasons why the greatest living tenor and the most intriguing of our dramatic sopranos were so enormously popular: "The American people like a home run." Now, that remark showed that the impresario was not only shrewd but human; and as he makes money at his highly hazardous profession he has made his shrewdness and humanity pay. We were reminded of the remark on reading *Score by Innings*, by Charles E. Van Loan, since the measure of Mr. Van Loan's ten tales, gathered up from various periodicals and put together in book form, is that their roots go deep down into the hearts of the average man and woman and are therefore very human. Outwardly they are purely concerned with baseball; but beneath the surface it is the homely frailties and virtues of mankind that are the design on which he weaves the threads of his tales.

What one of us, humble heroes of life as we feel we are, would but like to take revenge upon those who had treated us unjustly, as does "Four-Eyed" Fowler in *The National Commission Decides!* Unquestionably a good baseball story and one every "fan" will enjoy. But in its essential essence it might be a tract on Virtue overcoming the Wiles of the Wicked. *Piute vs. Piute* is likewise a spirited and amusing tale of the diamond; but it is chiefly because we like to see all clever and unscrupulous tricksters get their comeuppance in the end that this story makes its chief and deeper appeal.

In *The Bone-Doctor* we see Vanity overtaken and cast down; in *Mister Conley* we read of suffering heroically borne, and that is why the tale touches us to the quick. And in *Nine Assists and Two Errors* we learn, humorously as the episode is set down, of the passionate faith some men have for their country. In this particular case that country is Ireland; and Mr. Van Loan's yarn of Shamus Kehoe and the Sentimental Harps (which is a ball team) is the most amusing illustration of standing up for Ireland since Dr. James J. Walsh, K. C. St. G., Ph. D., LL. D., Litt. D. and Sc. D., went down to Boston on the eve of Bunker Hill Day in 1911 and read from the muster rolls of the Continental Army a long list of Irish names, names of men who fought for American independence at Lexington and Concord. But we do not wish to leave behind us an impression that in writing these best of all baseball stories Mr. Van Loan is another Bunyan. Let us rather call him the O. Henry of the national game.

SCORE BY INNINGS. BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN. George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

Boni & Liveright have on their spring list a book of stories, *Twelve Men*, by Theodore Dreiser, author of the words of the song *On the Banks of the Wabash*; John Reed's story of Bolshevik Russia, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, and *Jimmie Higgins*, by Upton Sinclair, the story of an anti-war Socialist who broke with his friends and went to France.

LIBRARY OF FRENCH FICTION

Nono: Love and the Soil By GASTON ROUPNEL

Wine-growing Burgundy reveals a powerfully realistic peasant love-story. Beginning as a crude, shallow passion it develops through the wider vision which comes with years into a steadily deepening drama of redeeming love. Its bits of description, as well as its pathos and tenderness, remind one of Thomas Hardy at his best. Net \$1.90

Jacquon the Rebel By EUGENE LE ROY

The rural life of Perigord, sturdily opposing injustice, privilege and intrigue, extraordinarily kind, simple and devout, reveals the gentle qualities which have made French civilization so valuable to the world. It is Le Roy's most important novel and ranks with the best of Maupassant. Net \$1.90

In Preparation

Two Banks of the Seine By F. VANDEREM

These Three Volumes Are the First Issues of a Series Edited by BARNET J. BEYER, Sometime Lecturer of the Sorbonne, which aims to provide a more adequate understanding of French life than is provided by the current translations which have to do with Paris, and often a very limited part of Paris life. All sections, classes and types of French society appear in these novels. Six Other Volumes Are in Press or in Process of Translation.

For Sale at All Bookstores. E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave., New York.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Josselyn's Wife

Mrs. Norris draws the contrast between two distinct types of women in this tale of Long Island's social set. Net, \$1.50

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY